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**Summary:** It's the day that Vivian has been looking forward to nearly her entire life: her sixteenth birthday. But between her sister's wedding overshadowing her big day, and praying that her crush Billy Hargrove will finally notice her things aren't going too well for her. If she can just survive the under the sea dance and avoid her sister's creepy boyfriend her night might not be so bad.

## 1. Part One

A/N: I'm cracking under the pressure and writing one of the 80's teen movie inspired fics for Billy. I meant to get this up a few days ago on my birthday, but we all know I'm horrible with deadlines. This is gonna be a mini fic, probably around six chapters in total. And I'd say it's an AU. I hope you all like it! We get to see more of Cheryl Burns from Arcade Dreams which I'm pretty excited about.

Vivian's house was chaotic on a good day. Weekday mornings went by in a tornado like blur as she and her older sister Carol got ready for school and her parents readied themselves for work. If it wasn't Carol and Vivian arguing over who got to use the bathroom first, it was Vivian yelling at Carol for using up all of the hot water and borrowing her clothes without asking. Their mother had given up on cooking her family a big breakfast once both of the girls had started high school, and now the two sisters all hurried around the kitchen dodging each other while fixing themselves a bowl of cereal while their father practically choked down some dry toast and coffee. That was a *normal* morning. This week had been anything but normal.

Vivian's older sister Sarah was getting married in two days. The only catch was that Sarah her fiance Kevin lived in Florida. Which meant that *all* wedding planning was taken over by Vivian's parents. Which meant that their household had gone from chaotic to nuclear warzone. The phone was *constantly* ringing. If it wasn't a florist or a caterer or someone that was calling with questions about the wedding, it was Sarah calling nearly in tears over how scared she was that her wedding would be anything less than perfect.

Tonight would be a slight reprieve though. Her parents were driving a few towns over to pick Sarah and Kevin up from the airport, and wouldn't be back until the middle of the night. Their mother had absolutely forbidden them from taking any calls regarding the wedding. They'd been instructed to take a thorough message on the notepad their mother had left on the fridge and that was *all*. "I want homework done as soon as you get home. There's leftovers in the fridge so no ordering pizza. I want you both in bed by ten and

absolutely *no friends over*." their mother had said. That last part had been mainly for Carol. She'd been known to throw a few impromptu get togethers anytime their parents were gone for the night.

Vivian never really minded. Even though she and Carol got along as well as two alley cats, Vivian always covered for her. Regardless of the fact that Carol's boyfriend Tommy was an absolute *weirdo* and Vivian always spent most of the time hidden in her room to avoid him, there was one reason that she was so willing to look the other way when it came to Carol's parties. *Billy Hargrove*.

The crush Vivian had on him was absolutely shameless. Just like every other girl at her school, Vivian had it *bad* for Hawkins' resident bad boy. They definitely weren't close or anything. They barely interacted. If Vivian was ever brave enough to leave her room when Carol had friends over he might say hi or give her a nod in the halls at school if she could work up the nerve to say something to him. Of course Vivian had it all built up to much more in her mind. Countless times she had fantasized about saying a flirty hello to Billy in the hall, and that nod would be followed by him sauntering over, taking her in his arms and kissing her so hard she'd forget her own name.

But there was one other thing getting in the way of Vivian's fantasies ever becoming a reality ...aside from the obvious of course. Cheryl Burns. Cheryl was Billy's pseudo girlfriend. They weren't quite friends with benefits. They weren't really even friends. But they both hung out in the same circle, they were both freakishly attractive and Billy was of course more than willing to pretend to be Cheryl's date every once and awhile in exchange for...well, Vivian didn't really like to think about what those two were most *definitely* doing. And it wasn't like Vivian wasn't *attractive*. She was just painfully shy and awkward. But those two things definitely didn't work well with trying to get a boy's attention.

Which was why she was stuck up in her bedroom and watching down on Carol and her friends wistfully from her window. The usual crowd was there. Tommy H had brought a twelve pack of beer, Nicole had brought some guy along (Vivian was pretty sure his name was Curt), and Cheryl was placed delicately in Billy's lap. It was still warm outside. The weather was somewhere between summer and fall, so Billy could comfortably lounge out by the pool in a pair of jeans a

light blue button up shirt. Vivian wanted to rip the buttons off with her teeth.

She shook her head wildly to get the image out of her mind and reached for the pale yellow phone that sat next to her bed. She quickly dialed her best friend's phone number, her leg bouncing nervously as she waited for her to pick up.

"Hey, Viv-"

"*He's here.*" Vivan hissed, keeping her voice down as if somehow the group outside would hear her.

"...*Who's* there?" Robin asked.

"Billy! Carol invited them over since my parents are off picking Sarah up." Vivian explained, looking down once again at Billy who still had no idea she was even home.

Robin sighed loudly on the other end. "Viv, I really don't get this whole Billy thing. I mean aside from the obvious reasons. The guy's a total douchebag. He's like the douchiest of douchebags. And I'm pretty sure he uses more hair product than you do." Vivian rolled her eyes at the joke.

"Okay, so he's not exactly Prince Charming," Vivian agreed. Robin let out a snort. "But he's not *that* bad. I mean he's like mysterious. Dangerous." she explained. Try as she might, Vivian had never really been able to explain the appeal of the whole bad boy type to Robin. She always just looked at her like she was speaking some foreign language.

"Can you even hear yourself?" Robin laughed.

"Oh shut up," Vivian said with a sigh. "Robin, this is the worst. He's in my backyard and I'm up here like some sort of peeping tom."

"I gotta be honest, Viv. That's pretty pathetic." she teased.

"*I know.*" why couldn't she just go downstairs and talk to him? He was just a boy. Vivian told herself it was because she didn't want to hear Carol bitching at her that she was trying to scare her friends away or

she didn't want to deal with Tommy and his flirting with her (if you could really even call it flirting). But she was a chicken with a capital C. *I'm totally gonna die alone*, she thought with a groan.

"Look," Robin began with a serious tone. "He's right downstairs. He's not *dating* Cheryl. You should just go ask him out. Bite the bullet. I mean, it's not like you'll die if he says no or whatever." it had always driven Vivian crazy how Robin could have such a casual attitude towards *everything*. She didn't think there was a thing out there that could scare Robin. Well, except maybe one thing.

Vivian crossed her arms. "I'll ask Billy out the day that you ask Tammy Thompson out."

Robin was silent for a moment and Vivian could practically hear Robin rolling her eyes dramatically. "...Touche," was all she said. "Listen, I'm changing the subject now. What do you wanna do tomorrow?"

Tomorrow was Vivian's sixteenth birthday. Something she had been looking forward to practically her entire life. A girl's sixteenth birthday was a big deal. A right of passage. She'd finally be able to *drive*. Initially she had a whole plan laid out. Her entire day had been scheduled from morning until night. But then Sarah called to announce that Kevin had proposed. And then they decided they'd be getting married the day after Vivian's birthday.

Then there was the under the sea dance at school. Hawkins High was trying to put a fun spin on their homecoming dance or something. It had been announced on the school's morning announcements about a week ago. And Vivian had no intention of going. She and Robin never had any interest in those sorts of things. *Carol* definitely would, but Vivian wasn't exactly bummed out over the idea of her sister missing out on any birthday plans she had.

It just so happened that Kevin's parents would be flying in on the night of Vivian's birthday, as well as her grandparents. So her parents gave her and Carol a choice; either go to the dance or have dinner with Kevin and his parents at Enzos. Vivian decided the dance would be the lesser of two evils.

"Ugh, I don't even know anymore. Maybe we can catch a movie or something? I think Red Dawn is still out. Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey." she said, wiggling her eyebrows. They probably wouldn't have to stay at the dance long. Carol wouldn't rat Vivian out for ditching solely on the principle of Vivian *constantly* covering for her. And it was better than spending the night trying to explain to her grandpa how the new TV worked for hours on end.

"I do love me some Swayze," Robin joked. Vivian let out a snort. "If that's what you wanna do, birthday girl, then that's the plan. Listen, I gotta go finish some biology homework. Try to stop stalking Billy, okay?"

"I'm not *stalking*," Vivian argued before sighing. "...I'll try my best. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"You know it. Later, dork."

Vivan smiled and rolled her eyes. "Later, dweeb."

She could still hear the sound of Carol and her friends hanging out by the pool, so Vivian decided it would probably be safe to head down to the kitchen. She could see from the top of the stairs that the small light above the stove was on, but she assumed Carol had left it on so she and her friends could see to get in and out of the house. She definitely wasn't expecting to see Billy rummaging through the fridge.

Vivian stopped short in the doorway and let out a small "*Oh*." when she saw him. There was a brief moment when she was deciding whether to go back upstairs or not, but before she could decide, Billy spotted her.

He did somewhat of a double take when he saw her. Almost like he was making sure he wasn't just imagining seeing someone in the doorway. He flashed a slow, easy smile her way and Vivian nearly gulped. "Hey, Viv." nearly everyone she knew called her Viv. And yet somehow no one else managed to give her that tingly feeling that shot up her spine like Billy could whenever he said her name. Robin was right, she really was pathetic.

"Hey..." she shifted awkwardly, not moving from her spot in the

doorway. *Say something you idiot*, she scolded herself. *You're alone with Billy Hargrove in your fucking kitchen. Say something!*

Thankfully he beat her to the punch. "Nice shirt." He said, nodding to the oversized Tank shirt she was planning on wearing to bed. The three headed hellhound that adorned her shirt was almost looking up at her judgmentally.

"Hmm? Oh! Thanks! Yeah, uh my dad took me to see them a few years ago as a Christmas present." she'd definitely gotten her taste in music from her dad. Back in the day he'd followed the Grateful Dead whenever they toured and he joked that he had the Kiss logo tattooed on his ass. Vivian kinda didn't believe that one though. There was no way her mom would marry anyone with a tattoo of *anything* on their ass.

Billy raised his eyebrows and let out a chuckle. "Your old man is definitely cooler than mine," he pulled out a can of Coke and held it up in offering to Vivian. She gladly took it and mumbled out a thanks before taking a long sip. Billy watched her quietly for a moment before nodding his head towards the patio. "How come you're not out there with everyone else?"

Vivian rolled her eyes in a way that she hoped came off as casual. "Carol always says I'm trying to steal her friends or whatever." she said with a shrug. That was the nice version. "Don't think that you're cool by association just because you're my sister. You're *definitely* not." Carol had said once after Vivian asked if she could tag along to some house party Carol had been invited to. So Vivian gave up trying to hang out with Carol after that. Tommy and Carol would give her a ride to school and a ride home and that was about the extent of the relationship.

"Yeah," Billy said. "She can definitely be a bitch when she feels like it."

"You're preaching to the choir," Vivian said with a snort. She bit her lip when Billy let out a small laugh. This was it. This was her chance. There wasn't anyone else around. She should just ask him to the dance. Robin was right, what was the worst that could happen? "So um...are you going to the dance tomorrow night?" she asked, trying



to keep her voice sounding as calm and casual as possible. Her heart was beating so hard in her chest that she was sure Billy could probably hear it.

He made a face. "Probably. I'm pretty sure Cheryl's gonna drag me along," he rolled his eyes. Vivian's heart dropped down into her stomach. Of *course* he was going with Cheryl. She would never miss an opportunity to flash off *whatever* sort of relationship they had. Cheryl would never pass up on making the other girls from school jealous. It was what she lived for. "What about you?"

Vivian was so shocked he asked that she almost didn't respond. She cleared her throat loudly before giving a small shrug. "Yeah. It's either that or a rehearsal dinner for my sister's wedding," she rolled her eyes. "I mean, you'd think they'd let me skip out on both since it's my birthday and all..."

"Oh yeah? Well, happy early birthday. One year closer to the sweet release of death." Vivian felt her cheeks grow hot at the way Billy grinned at the snort she let out. She was grateful that the kitchen was dark and he couldn't see how red her face probably was.

"*Thanks...um*, I have homework I gotta finish up so I should..." she jabbed a thumb in the direction of the stairs. "I guess I'll see you tomorrow?"

Billy nodded, a faint smirk on his lips. "Sounds like it. Later, Viv."

Vivian let out a sort of quiet, strangled, nervous laugh before turning around and all but bounding up the stairs. She sighed loudly once her door was closed behind her. "God, I'm such a fucking idiot," she scolded herself. "*I guess I'll see you tomorrow?*" She repeated in a mocking tone. She threw herself dramatically down onto her bed.

If Billy thought Vivian was a total loser after that interaction he'd been gracious enough to hide it from her. So much for small miracles, she guessed. There was a sinking feeling in her stomach that later when Billy was driving Cheryl home he would bring up Vivian's pathetic attempt to ask him out. The thought of them laughing at her made Vivian let out a loud groan.

At least tomorrow was her birthday. She would wake up to the smell of the blueberry pancakes her mother always made for her birthday, her dad would crack his "boy, you sure are getting over the hill, huh, sweet pea?" Joke he cracked every year, and when she came home for school it would be time to open presents before Sarah, Kevin and her parents headed off to meet Kevin's parents. If she focused on that then her run in with Billy didn't seem so bad.

Only that's not exactly what ended up happening. Vivian woke up to a morning that wasn't quite as chaotic as usual. It was so quiet that Vivian felt like something might be wrong. She'd almost wondered for a second if somehow she'd woken up late. There were no pancakes. No birthday jokes. Instead her father was running around an otherwise quiet house like a headless chicken. "Has anyone seen my briefcase?!" he called, poking his head into each and every room he walked by. He barely passed a glance in Vivian's direction. Weird, but Vivian was willing to accept that he was just distracted.

Her mother was in the kitchen with Sarah and Kevin. "...Morning." Vivian said wearily as she walked in. Sarah was the only one that looked up.

"God, Vivian what did you do to your *hair*?" Sarah gasped. Vivian frowned, reaching up to touch her red hair. "Who let you cut it? You're a bridesmaid!" her sister's face was growing more and more red by the second. "We'll have to put it up. This is *completely* unacceptable. Mom, did you approve of this?" Kevin didn't even bother to look up from his newspaper. Which was typical of him. He practically wouldn't speak unless Sarah told him it was okay.

Vivian's mother rolled her eyes. "It looks fine, Sarah. Leave it. Vivian, do you want toast?"

Vivian blinked a few times, wondering if maybe she was just dreaming. Or maybe they were trying to pull some sort of prank on her. "Um...no. I'll get cereal I guess if there aren't pancakes..." she said, looking carefully at her mother.

Her mom let out a snort. "Not unless you're making them. Okay, I have to get going. You'll get a ride with Carol?" she asked, turning to look at Vivian. She could only nod. "Sarah, you have to meet with the

florist in an *hour*. I'll be home at five." she shot Sarah a pointed look before walking out.

Vivian opened and closed her mouth a few times.

"Jesus, what crawled up your ass?" Carol asked with a dramatic eye roll as she walked into the kitchen. She looked at Vivian's pajamas and scoffed. "And will you get dressed? Tommy will be here soon and I'm *not* waiting for you. If you're not ready by the time he gets here you're taking the bus with all the other dorks."

Vivian looked at her sisters. Carol was shooting her a dirty look while Sarah looked at Vivian and her hair with a nearly disgusted look. She silently spun around, heading up to her room, shutting the door behind her and leaning against it.

"I don't believe this...*they fucking forgot my birthday.*"

## 2. Part Two

A/N: Sorry this took so long to get out! Hopefully the next chapter will be up sooner!

"Not a single happy birthday, Robin. From *anyone*. They almost acted like I was fucking invisible on top of it," Vivian huffed as she and Robin made their ways through the halls of Hawkins High. *Tommy* hadn't even said anything to her and she had at least been expecting some sort of creepy comment from him.

"Maybe this is some sort of a trick. Or like a joke," Robin offered. "Like, maybe they're *pretending* that they forgot, but when you get home they'll have some sort of surprise party?"

Vivian rolled her eyes. "I doubt that. They're not thoughtful enough to think of something like that. God, I shouldn't even be surprised. Everything's been about Sarah lately anyways," she grumbled, stopping in front of her locker and angrily unlocking it. It had always sort of been that way. Sarah was the golden child. Perfect at everything she did. Carol got attention because she was always getting into trouble. Vivian was the quiet kid with a B average in school. It was sort of easy for her to seem invisible to other people. "Besides, I have bigger problems at the moment."

Robin gave her a disbelieving look. "Bigger problems than your family forgetting your birthday? Do tell."

"I ran into Billy in my kitchen last night." Vivian said simply.

Robin stared blankly at her for a moment before cracking a smile and raising an eyebrow. "...Is that all?"

"He said he liked my shirt. *And* he told me happy birthday." now that she said it out loud it didn't sound all that impressive.

"Wow, you're practically married." Robin teased.

Vivian slammed her locker shut and held up a finger. "That's not all, miss sassy pants. I almost asked him out to the dance."

Robin seemed speechless for a few seconds. She blinked wildly a few times, titling her head at her best friend. Vivian said all the time that she was gonna get the courage to ask Billy out one day. Neither Robin or Vivian actually believed her whenever she'd say it though. "You *almost* asked?"

The pair took off down the hallway once again. "Well, I brought the dance up, but before I could he said that Cheryl was gonna make him go with her." she said with a dramatic eye roll.

"Sounds romantic." Robin laughed.

"I totally don't get it. Why even date her?" Vivian groaned. That was a stupid question. Cheryl was gorgeous. Even if she was a pain in the ass. And it wasn't really like Billy was a guy of substance as Robin just *loved* to remind Vivian.

"Oh, I can think of one reason..."

Vivian glared over at Robin. "It's my birthday. No reminding me that they're boning."

"Just trying to add perspective," Robin grinned. "Try and keep you as sane as I can when it comes to the whole Billy subject," it was a fair statement to make, much as Vivian didn't want to admit it. "I suppose this means we're gonna spend the night at the dance stalking him around the gym until he notices you?"

"...I wouldn't put it that way." Vivian muttered.

"No? How would you?"

"...Shut up. Like we have anything better to do." Vivian and Robin never did much at dances. They normally liked to avoid them, but every once and awhile Vivian's mom forced her to tag along with Carol in an attempt to make Vivian more "normal". So usually they'd park out on the bleachers with some punch and make fun of other people until Carol and Tommy decided they were ready to leave.

Robin laughed and shook her head. "Viv, I'm just *teasing*. If you wanna spend your birthday stalking Billy Hargrove then I can't really say no," Vivan shot Robin an unimpressed look. "Oh look, speak of

the devil..." Robin nodded her head down the hall.

Vivian turned to look as Billy made his way around the corner. His arm was draped casually around Cheryl's shoulder and she was talking animatedly about something, but it was obvious he wasn't listening to much of what she was saying. His eyes landed on Vivian and Robin, and a slow smile graced his lips before he nodded his head in their direction before he and Cheryl passed by them.

Vivian looked over at Robin. "Tell me I didn't just imagine that."

Robin's eyebrows were raised as she watched Billy and Cheryl disappear down the hall. "You didn't imagine that."

"...Maybe there's hope for this birthday afterall." Vivian said with a somewhat dreamy sigh.

Robin let out a soft laugh and shook her head. "Let's just get to biology before we're late, birthday girl."

Lunch was hands down Billy's favorite subject in school. Sure, it wasn't technically a *class*, but that was sort of the point. The bell at the end of his algebra class would ring and Billy would be the first one out of the room. He'd get a coke from the vending machine by the cafeteria and go out to his car and smoke.

Some days, like today, Tommy, Carol and Cheryl and a few of their other friends would join him. Tommy and Carol would usually switch between bitching about their classes and playing tonsil hockey while Cheryl would lounge out on the hood of Billy's Camaro. Even though he had told her more times than he could count *never* to sit on his baby. What a pain in the ass.

"Billy," Cheryl pouted over at him. "I forgot my purse in my gym locker. Can I borrow fifty cents for a coke?" Billy resisted the urge to roll his eyes before fishing two quarters from his pocket and handing them over to her. She pressed a kiss to his cheek, leaving a pink lip print behind, before hopping off of the Camaro and sauntering back towards the school. He watched her until she disappeared inside before turning his gaze to Carol. Tommy was talking to some other guy from the basketball team, so for once she was alone.

"Hey, Carol," he said, lighting a cigarette. "What's the deal with your sister?"

Carol looked at him like he was speaking a different language. "What the hell do you *mean* what's the deal?" she asked.

Billy rolled his eyes and blew out a puff of smoke. "I mean like her *situation*. Is she seeing anyone?"

Carol let out a loud snort, covering her mouth the quiet her loud burst of laughter. "Seeing anyone? *Fuck no*. She's a total dork. She's like a total loser virgin. I don't think she's even kissed a guy," Billy might not have put it so bluntly, but he couldn't say he was all that surprised. He was pretty sure that other than Carol, the only person he'd ever seen Vivian around with was that girl Robin. "What do you care anyways?" she asked.

Billy only shrugged. "Just curious." He'd always had a mild interest in Vivian. He reminded her of the girls back home in California. Easy going. Pretty. Plus he particularly liked how she looked in her leather jacket. He found her more attractive than Carol, but then with a shitty attitude like hers he couldn't really see how *anyone* could find Carol attractive. Except Tommy, of course. He was so dumb Billy was sometimes genuinely surprised he could string a whole sentence together. And it wasn't exactly a secret that Vivian had a thing for him. He noticed the way her cheeks would turn all pink whenever he was around. It was cute.

"You thinkin' of gettin' with that, Hargrove?" Tommy grinned, throwing his arm around Carol.

Carol let out another snort. "*Good luck*." she nearly spat.

"Yeeeah dude," Tommy laughed. "Don't let Cheryl find out! Man, she'd totally kill you."

Billy rolled his eyes again. He didn't give a shit if Cheryl found out. They weren't dating. He could do whatever he wanted. If there was anything he even *wanted* to do. "How about you mind your own business for once, Tommy?" he asked, flicking the butt of his cigarette away. "I gotta get to class." he muttered before walking off. Of course

it was a lie. But any excuse to get away from Tommy and Carol was good enough for him.

It irritated him sometimes. These two weren't *really* his friend. They'd dumped Steve Harrington and latched onto Billy as soon as he had moved to Hawkins because he was the new *cool* kid. He couldn't talk to them about anything *real*. He couldn't ask Tommy for advice about girls or anything else. Any time he complained about the fact that he genuinely couldn't stand Cheryl, Tommy would make some perverted joke and Billy would regret opening his mouth. So sometimes it was just best to walk away.

"...Did he just say he has to get to class?" Tommy asked as Billy disappeared towards the school.

Vivian came home to a surprise, but it definitely wasn't the one she had been hoping for. Her mother, Sarah and Kevin were all home, but they all barely acknowledged her presence as she walked into the kitchen. There had been this tiny part of her that wondered if Robin had been onto something. Maybe they were just pretending to forget her birthday and she'd come home to a cake and decorations. But that definitely wasn't the case. So instead of sitting around being blatantly ignored on her *birthday*, she decided to go throw her own pity party up in her bedroom. But her bedroom wasn't empty.

"There's our little Vivian!" her grandpa greeted loudly, throwing his arms open wide as Vivian walked into her room. She looked around with wide eyes. Their luggage was *everywhere*. And there was *so much* of it. She was almost worried that it meant that they would be staying longer than just the weekend. Her grandpa wrapped her in a tight hug as her grandma smiled on at the pair, but still no happy birthday.

"Uh, hi grandpa...what are you guys doing up here?" she asked warily.

"Your mother said we could stay up here for the weekend," her grandma explained. She had an almost pained expression on her face as she looked around Vivian's room. "You know, Vivian, this room of yours isn't very ladylike," she scolded. "These posters are all very...violent looking. Why couldn't you decorate a bit more like



Carol or Sarah?" she asked.

It took nearly all of Vivian's energy to keep herself from rolling her eyes. Instead she only shrugged. It never did any good to argue with her grandma. She'd only rat Vivian out to her mother and she definitely didn't want a lecture today of all days. "It's just how I like it, grandma." was all she said. Even though she *wanted* to add a comment about how they could find somewhere else to stay if her room wasn't good enough. Her grandma pursed her lips.

"Awwww, leave her alone honey. This is what all the kids are into these days, right, Viv?" her grandpa asked, grinning widely at her and nudging her side with his elbow.

Vivian looked between the two of them for a moment, almost to give them the chance to realize that they too hadn't wished her a happy birthday. "...Yeah. It's what all the kids are into," she said dryly. This had to be a goddamn joke.

"You know, Vivian," her grandma said. "If you took all these horrible things down and maybe dressed a little more like Sarah I'm sure you could get yourself a boyfriend. Don't you think, George? You're really quite pretty underneath all this...grunge," she poked the tip of Vivian's nose. "And you've got quite a nice little figure!" Vivian's eyes widened. Was this *actually* happening?

She took a big step back from her grandma and let out a nervous laugh. "Right. So...I'll let you two get settled in then...go find out where I'm supposed to be sleeping..." she didn't give them the opportunity to say anything else. Vivian whirled around and stomped back downstairs and into the kitchen. She felt like she was in the twilight zone or something.

"Grandma and grandpa are staying in my room?" she asked.

Her mother turned towards her, giving herself a small slap to the forehead. "Oh, yes! I knew there was something I was forgetting to tell you! I'm sorry, hun. I offered it to them awhile ago and I never mentioned it," she let out a small laugh and shook her head. "My mind is everywhere these days."

Vivian blinked a few times. "Oh sure, sure...is there anything else you're maybe forgetting to tell me?" Vivian asked expectantly.

"Hmm? Oh..." her mother shook her head. "I don't think so. I'll fix the couch up for you tonight, okay?"

Vivian let out a small huff. This had to be the curse of being the youngest child or something. "How come Carol gets to keep her room? Where am I supposed to get ready for the dance?" all of this on top of the fact that she didn't even *want* to go to the dance was the icing on the cake. Metaphorical cake, because she sure as hell wouldn't be getting a *real* birthday cake at the rate her day was going.

"God, do you ever stop complaining?" Sarah asked. "Just get ready in my room or something. I'll be gone by then. You're giving me a headache."

Vivian glared over at her sister. "*I'm giving you* a headache?" she asked. "Can you even hear yourself whenever you're crying over your flowers not being the right color or whatever it is you're always bitching about to mom?"

"Enough you two!" their mother sighed. "Vivian, *language*. Sarah, leave your sister alone. Can we all just relax? Everything will be handled. Now ,Vivian, go...do your homework or something." she waved her away. Vivian shot another glare at Sarah before heading out into the living room and flopping face first onto the couch dramatically and letting out a loud sigh.

"What are you so upset about?" Carol asked, crossing her arms as she looked down at her sister with an amused expression.

Vivian lifted her head and shot an incredulous look at her. "Let's think for a second, Carol. Can you maybe come up with a reason I might be upset?"

Carol only shrugged. "...I guess I'd be pretty bummed out too if I was such a dork." she said with a smug grin.

"Yeah, well, better to be a dork than a raging bitch." Vivian spat.

"Vivian! *Language!*" her mother called from the kitchen. Vivian let out a groan.

Carol snickered before heading to the stairs. "*Dork.*" she said, laughing again before bounding up the stairs.

That was it. Vivian didn't care that it was her birthday anymore. She didn't care that Billy had smiled at her in the hall that morning. She wanted this day and this weekend to be *over*. She wanted Sarah and Kevin to fly back home and only come to visit at Christmas. She wanted her *room* back. But first she would have to get through the school dance.

### 3. Part Three

Sarah, Kevin and Vivian's parents had left for dinner about twenty minutes ago. Since Enzo's was the nicest, or really the *only* nice restaurant in town, they were hoping it would impress Kevin's snooty parents. It probably wouldn't. Now Vivian's grandparents were left in charge. Which meant they would be eating dry meatloaf for dinner and her grandma would remind them over and over of the dangers of underage drinking and premarital sex. Vivian almost put her fork through her eye.

She hadn't gotten a dress for the dance. She had been holding out until the last minute hoping that her mother would decide against forcing her to go. Instead Sarah lent her a dress that she didn't want anymore because it was "totally out of style" and wouldn't be caught dead in. Vivian didn't really get why. It was a cute dress. It was a deep red, velvet dress with a Bardot neckline that stopped just above her knees. It was a little bit ill fitting. Sarah was practically waifish and Vivian had wider hips and a bit more of a fuller figure like their mother. The dress ended up showing off that "nice little figure" her grandma had told her she had a little bit too much for her liking. But if she threw her leather jacket over it it wasn't so bad.

Her hair had won the battle of Vivian trying to tame it. She'd cut her curly red hair about a month ago to her shoulders, hoping that it would make it easier to manage. It didn't. She guessed it made her look cool. Casual. Like she didn't really care that much. Plus, after Carol started pounding on the bathroom door and threatening her, she didn't really have much of a choice but to give up.

Now it was time to wait for Tommy to show up to drive them to the dance. Carol was back in her bedroom getting dressed and singing loudly and very off key along with Madonna to Burning Up. Vivian was in Sarah's room, standing in front of the full length mirror hanging on the back of her door. She didn't *feel* like she was sixteen. She didn't look any different than when she had been fifteen. But had she ever felt different after her birthday? Had she always been too wrapped up in all the cake and presents to notice?

She let out a soft huff and turned to the side. She felt ridiculous in

Sarah's dress. Like she was trying too hard almost. There was a brief moment when Vivian wondered if Billy would like it. Maybe that was the change. Worrying so much about what a boy thought of her. Or catching herself day dreaming way too often about all the things she wanted to do with Billy that always made her cheeks grow all hot. And then there was being faced with the fact that absolutely none of those things would happen in a million years. Vivian let out a groan. Growing up sucked.

"Girls! Thomas is here!" Vivian rolled her eyes at the sound of her grandma's voice. *No one* called Tommy H *Thomas*. It made him sound way too mature when really he had the mentality of a thirteen year old. Carol poked her head out of her room and yelled down that she would be out in a minute. Which in Carol speak meant more like ten. Vivian reluctantly made her way downstairs to the living room where Tommy was waiting by the front door. He gave her a slow once over and grinned at her. Vivian suddenly felt like little red riding hood trapped in a room with the big bad wolf.

"Lookin' good, Viv. That a new dress?" Vivian plopped down onto the couch and instinctively turned her body away from Tommy. She hated having to be alone with him.

"Uh, not really. It's actually Sarah's." she tugged at the end of her dress in an attempt to cover up a bit more of her legs. Tommy didn't hide the fact that he was looking at them. Vivian had never understood what Carol saw in him. They'd somehow been together since Vivian was in elementary school. It made the fact that Tommy almost relentlessly hit on Vivian any time Carol wasn't around that much creepier. Of all the boys in Hawkins to be interested in her, *why* did it have to be Tommy H?

Tommy moved closer to her and perched on the arm of the couch. "Hey, how come you don't have a date to the dance?" usually Vivian would have some sort of biting remark. Sarah was always telling her that she was much too comfortable being sarcastic. But with Tommy she kept the comments she *wanted* to say to herself and kept things as short as possible. He wasn't entirely bright enough to understand sarcasm. Or much of anything. Usually he would just seem to think she was flirting back and it would be impossible to escape the conversation.

Plus, she didn't really want to open the can of worms that was wondering why no one had asked her to the dance. "...I just didn't want to go with anyone, I guess." she finally said with a shrug.

"Oh...well, that's okay. You wanna be my date? I'm sure I can juggle you and Carol." that grin was back. Vivian didn't stop herself from rolling her eyes.

"How about you ask Carol how she'd feel about that arrangement?" Vivian asked, fluttering her eyelashes with a sweet smile. Tommy's grin fell. He opened his mouth to say something else, but was cut off by Vivian's grandmother walking in. Tommy nearly jumped up from the arm of the couch.

"Would you like something to drink, Thomas? Are you hungry? I made meatloaf. The girls weren't really hungry so there's plenty left over." they were plenty hungry. The meatloaf was just awful. Vivian almost hoped Tommy would accept her offer.

Tommy only smiled what Vivian assumed he thought was a charming smile. "Oh, no thank you ma'am. My mom made a pretty big dinner so I don't really have room for meatloaf." he patted his stomach.

"Consider yourself lucky. A *dog* wouldn't even eat that meatloaf." it was Carol. She came practically stomping down the stairs in her strapless, light pink chiffon dress that she had begged and pleaded with their dad to buy her for the dance. Vivian usually felt self conscious next to her older sister, but she felt even more so now. Carol looked like she had just stepped out of an issue of Cosmo.

Their grandmother frowned over at Carol. "Now, young lad-"

Carol rolled her eyes and tossed her hair over her shoulder. "We gotta run, grandma. Don't wait up. Mom says curfew's at one," that definitely wasn't true. The girls had a firm eleven o'clock curfew on weekends. But Vivian kept her mouth shut. Carol grabbed Tommy by the arm and pulled him towards the front door, Vivian close behind. Their grandma followed with a reminder of the lovely talk they'd had at dinner. The three teens practically bolted for Tommy's car.

"God, she never shuts up!" Carol groaned. "No sex before marriage!"

she said in a crude, mocking voice. "Jesus doesn't like tramps! *Please*."

"Don't forget that story about her friend Judy and how her grandson died from drinking a beer at a highschool party." Vivian laughed as she slid into the backseat. Carol threw her head back and let out a cackle like laugh.

"That's right! He's not even dead! He got shit faced on tequila shots and got a dui and his dad sent him to boot camp!" if it was one thing Vivian could bond with her sister over, it was what an absolute fruit loop their grandmother was.

Tommy was grinning again. "You know, she's a little too late with that no sex before marriage thing, Car." Vivian's nose scrunched up in disgust. So not what she wanted to hear. Ever.

Carol let out a loud snort and shoved Tommy's shoulder. "Shut up, ass." and just like that, the sisterly bonding was over. For the rest of the ride to school Vivian ceased to exist to Carol and Tommy. Which was pretty alright with her. Especially when it came to Tommy.

The Hawkins High gym had been transformed into an under the sea fantasy. Well, as much of a fantasy as the dance committee had been able to pull off. Blue lights hung high above the students dancing and mingling, giving them all an odd and almost otherworldly pallor. Silver streamers hung from the doorways, food tables and sporadically from the gym's ceiling mimic what Vivian assumed to be seaweed. In one corner there were large cut outs of crudely drawn sea creatures along with a mermaid and merman as a photo op for the students and their dates.

Carol quickly dragged Tommy over to have their photo taken. "Oh, see ya later, sis! Have fun!" Vivian muttered to herself as she made her way over to the bleachers where Robin was sitting and looking bored. "You have no idea how happy I am to see you." she said with a heavy sigh as she sat next to her best friend.

"Likewise," Robin said with a grin. "I dig the dress. It's gonna be hard for Billy to ignore you in that."

Vivian rolled her eyes and waved a hand at Robin. "This so isn't for

him. I didn't have anything to wear so I had to borrow it from Sarah. Tommy hit on me while we were waiting for Carol to finish getting ready," she pulled a face. Robin and Vivian both looked over to where Tommy and Carol were posing in front of the photographer for their dance photo. They both groaned. Vivian scanned the room quickly. "...Have you seen Billy?" she asked casually.

Robin smiled and shook her head. "Not yet. I'm imagining Cheryl's gonna turn up fashionably late. You want some punch or something?" Vivian only shrugged. Robin patted her knee and stood up. "Be right back." Vivian watched Robin head over to the snack table and let out a sigh. This was probably gonna be a long night. And adding the fact that she was going to wait around for Billy like a little puppy definitely wasn't going to help.

"There she is!" Vivian groaned. Her night just kept getting worse. Tommy had spotted her. He was dancing along to the music and headed her way. Carol wasn't anywhere in sight. "Been lookin' for ya, Viv!" he took her by the hands and pulled her to her feet. Vivian watched in near horror as Tommy continued to dance in front of her.

"Uh, Tommy? Where's Carol?"

He didn't stop dancing. "She went to the bathroom with Cheryl. Come on, girl! Don't leave me hangin'! I love this song!" he took Vivian's hands in his again and tried to get her to dance with him. Vivian harshly pulled away from him. She didn't really know who she was more embarrassed for. Tommy and his awful dancing, herself for having to be seen with him, or Carol for thinking Tommy wasn't an absolute creep.

"You know, I'm not really much of a dancer. Maybe you should just go find Billy or something," she took a step back from Tommy hoping it would keep him from grabbing her again. "Have you seen him anywhere?"

Tommy was *still* dancing. "I think he's outside having a smoke," Vivian thought that she hid her disappointment, but apparently not as well as she thought. Tommy grinned at her. "You sweet on Hargrove, Viv?"



Vivian felt her cheeks burn. "Of course not. I didn't even...I gotta go find Robin." she rushed around Tommy and disappeared into the sea of dancing teenagers.

A few moments later Billy waltzed back into the gym. He shoved the sleeves of the black blazer he was wearing up his arms and gave an unimpressed look around the gym. Susan had given him the blazer right before he left to pick up Cheryl. It was his dad's. "It's a dance, Billy! You have to look your best for your date!" she had said, running into her bedroom to fetch the coat.

Cheryl hadn't really cared about what he was wearing. She spent the entire drive fixing her makeup and bitching about how her parents refused to buy her the dress she had wanted because she had failed two classes that past semester. As soon as they arrived at the dance Cheryl and made a beeline for Carol and the two had run off to the bathroom. Billy headed back outside for a smoke and to sneak a few swigs from the flask he'd stashed on the inner pocket of his blazer.

When he'd made his way back inside Tommy was dancing over by the bleachers. Alone. Billy rolled his eyes and walked over to him. "They're still not back yet?" he asked, scanning the crowd for Cheryl and Carol.

"Nah, man. I bet they'll be gone for awhile," Tommy finally stopped dancing and looked at his friend with a mischievous grin. "You'll never guess who was asking about you, dude."

Billy let out a heavy sigh and shoved his hands into his pockets, his fingers playing mindlessly with his lighter. "I give up." he said with a bored tone.

Tommy threw an arm around Billy's shoulders and turned him towards the snack table. Vivian was standing by the punch bowl with Robin. She looked good. Amazing, actually. But with the way she kept pulling at the bottom of her dress and shifting uncomfortably showed that she wasn't entirely comfortable with all the new attention she was getting. Billy watched on with an amused look.

"You think you can maybe talk to her? Get me an in?" Billy frowned and looked over at Tommy.

"...The hell are you talking about? Aren't you with Carol?"

Tommy looked around to make sure that no one was listening. He grinned wickedly. "I don't see her around, do you?"

Billy rolled his eyes. "Christ, Tommy. You're even dumber than I thought."

Tommy frowned. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"You can't try to fuck your girl's sister. They tell each other about that kinda shit. You need to get some tact, man," not to mention he was fairly certain that he would see pigs flying before Vivian ever agreed to willingly sit in a room alone with Tommy. There was a moment when Vivian turned and met eyes with Billy from across the gym. Her lips twitched. Like she wasn't sure whether to smile at him or not. The corner of Billy's mouth turned upwards in a smirk, and Vivian's cheeks turned a deep pink before she turned back to Robin. "...I'll see you later, Tommy." he patted his friend on the shoulder and started off towards Vivian.

"There you are!" Billy stifled the groan he wanted to let out at the sound of Cheryl's voice. He stopped in his tracks, turning to face his date with a thin smile. "I was worried someone might've stolen you away," she said with an overly sweet smile. Cheryl straightened out the front of Billy's blazer before she placed her hands on his chest. "Carol told me that Tommy's having a party at his place after and I said we would go."

Billy could think of about 900 completely awful things that he would rather do than go to a party with his friends. "I'm not really in a partying mood. I gotta get to the pool early tomorrow." he lied.

If looks could kill, Billy would be dead. Cheryl's hot pink nails dig ever so slightly into his chest as she glared up at him. "Well, I already told Carol that we would go. And it'll look bad if I go by myself. So you're going to come with me, and you're going to have a good time." she said through her teeth.

A mistake that Billy had made early on with Cheryl was deciding not to argue with her. It gave her the sense that he was a pushover that

would do whatever she wanted. That she had power in the relationship. Usually it was just easier to do what Cheryl said. No matter how much he hated it. It was never worth all the dirty looks and all of her bitching. "...Whatever, Cheryl. We'll stop by for a few minutes. I'm gonna go have another smoke."

He didn't care that he was ditching her. He didn't care about the way she was calling after him in that fake, sweet voice that she used in front of other people. He wanted to get away from her. Away from this stupid under the sea dance.

He shoved the gym door opened and collided hard with someone on the other side. "*Christ*, watch where you're goi- oh, *Billy!*" it was Vivian. The door shut loudly behind him, and the two were left out in the quiet hallway.

"Sorry..." he muttered, fidgeting with the lighter in his pocket. Vivian waved him off and adjusted her dress. He couldn't help but give her another once over. "I like the dress."

Vivian's hands went still as she looked up at him. She blinked a few times. "...What?"

Billy chuckled and motioned to her outfit. "The dress. It looks good on you. You get it for your birthday?"

He expected her to blush again. To freeze up like she usually did when he complimented her. Instead she rolled her eyes dramatically and scoffed. "No. I didn't get *shit* for my birthday. My family forgot all about it." there was a shocked look on her face almost like she had said something she shouldn't have.

Billy raised an eyebrow. "They forgot? How's that possible?"

"My sister's stupid wedding. I keep telling myself that I'm over it, but every time I bring it up I get pissed off all over again," she shook her head. "It's not really a big deal. Anyways, having fun with Cheryl?" there was a bit of bite in her voice that made Billy smirk down at her.

"Tons," he said coolly. "She told me Tommy's having a party at his place after the dance. You should come. Bring Robin. We'll call it

your birthday party." that shy look of hers was back. Billy couldn't help but smile.

"I don't know..." she scrunched up her nose. "I've kinda had my fill of Tommy for one night. Robin and I were gonna head to the movies and see Red Dawn," Billy honestly wished he could join them. "Maybe next time." she offered. He knew that was a lie.

Billy smiled slowly at her and nodded. "Yeah, maybe next time. Well, I guess I'll see you around Birthday Girl." Vivian tucked a piece of hair behind her ear as her cheeks turned pink again. Her lips twitched again, like she was fighting to keep her cool. She mumbled a "bye" before rushing back into the gym. He knew that Vivian thought he couldn't see her now. He placed a cigarette between his lips as he watched her hurry across the dance floor towards Robin.

She was talking to her friend animatedly and pointing back to the gym doors. Robin looked on with an amused smile at her friends ranting. Billy let out a short laugh and lit his cigarette. He didn't really know why he was so interested in Vivian. Aside from her obvious good looks, Vivian was a good girl. Billy had never really liked good girls. Maybe Cheryl had made him realize it was time to try something new.

He decided once he was sure that she was home from the movies that he would call her and ask her out. What could go wrong?

## 4. Part Four

A/N: We're nearing the end guys! I think the next chapter is gonna be the last. Enjoy!

xxx

"God that was a stupid movie." Robin groaned as she and Vivian made their way out of the Hawk theater.

"I know," Vivian said with an eyeroll. "They could pick anywhere in the world, and the Russians decide to invade some lame ass midwestern town? Like that'll ever happen," while the pair had decided early on that the movie was a total dud, they had entertained themselves by poking fun at how ridiculous it was. At least until Nancy Wheeler's little brother and his friends started complaining that they were being too loud and started a popcorn war with them. But even that had been better than the movie. "Even Patrick couldn't save that one." she said with a sigh.

"Yeah, you're definitely not picking out the movie next time," Robin teased. It was late now. Most of the shops on Hawkin's main street had closed for the night. "You know...maybe we didn't think this plan all the way through." Robin said as she surveyed the empty street.

Vivian frowned and looked over at her. "What do you mean?"

"We totally don't have a ride home," Robin laughed softly. Vivian groaned loudly and threw her head back. Just when her night was starting to look up, it was going right back down hill. "Enzo's is like a block over. We could always go ask your parents for a ride home." she offered.

Vivian shot her an unamused look. "Right. And let them know that I ditched the dance *and* Carol? This birthday sucked ass, but I don't want it to be my last."

Robin let out a snicker. "Alright, alright...well, I do have one suggestion," she offered. Vivian raised an eyebrow. "You're not gonna like it..." she warned.

"As long as it isn't asking my parents I can live with it." Vivian said.

Robin turned, nodding her head towards the entrance of the movie theater. Mike Wheeler and his friends were crowded around the bike rack, chattering excitedly and unlocking their bikes. "No," Vivian said, crossing her arms. "No! Absolutely not. Are you *trying* to embarrass me?"

"Viv, it's either this or we walk home. And I really don't think you'll wanna do that in *those* shoes." she said, nodding to the heels that Vivian had borrowed from Sarah. Vivian didn't move. As much as she didn't want to walk home, she definitely didn't want to ask a bunch of middle schoolers for a favor.

Robin rolled her eyes, taking Vivian's arm and practically dragging her over to the group of preteens. "Yo, Wheeler! We need a favor."

Mike Wheeler whirled around, sending a death glare back at the two girls. "Tough shit!" he called back.

A red head that Vivian recognized to be Max Mayfield, Billy's step sister, rolled her eyes dramatically and let out a tired sigh. "Ignore him. What do you guys want?"

"We're kinda stranded," Robin admitted. "Can we maybe hitch a ride with you guys? My house is like a block over from Dustin's and Vivian lives down the street from Mike and Lucas. Piece of cake." the group, excluding Mike, looked at each other as if they were telepathically discussing it. Vivian shifted uncomfortably behind Robin. She absolutely hated the idea of riding home on the back of some 13 year old's bike.

Finally Dustin stepped aside, motioning to his bike. "Your chariot, m'lady."

"You guys are the *best*," Robin said as she perched herself on the wheel pegs of Dustin's bike. "Come on, Viv. Stop being a baby and get on the bike." she teased. While Mike had made it clear that he did not agree on the plan, Lucas was the one to offer Vivian a ride home.

Vivian eyed the bike carefully before letting out a loud huff. "*Fine*."

But I'm so never forgiving you for this." she kicked off her heels, holding them tightly in her left hand as she balanced herself on the small wheel pegs. At least everyone she knew was probably still at the school dance. She wasn't sure she'd ever live something like this down if anyone were to see her.

She had a near death grip on Lucas' shoulders as they took off down the street. Suddenly Vivian realized that she had basically put her life in the hands of a thirteen year old boy she didn't know and regretted choosing not to walk home.

"Hey, aren't you Carol's sister?" Max asked, riding alongside Lucas on her bike.

"Unfortunately." Vivian muttered.

"Isn't there some dance? How come you guys aren't there?"

Robin let out a loud snort and looked over her shoulder at the two red heads. "That's a looong story, kid. You don't wanna get her started."

Vivian glared at the back of her best friend's head before looking back over at Max. "Let's just say I'd rather be doing *this*," she motioned down to the bike before gripping Lucas' shoulders harshly again after almost slipping. "Than be at that stupid dance."

Max let out a small laugh and shook her head. "You sound like Billy."

xxx

Billy had told Cheryl they could stop by Tommy's for a few minutes. That had turned into nearly two hours. He had lost her at some point pretty early on. Cheryl never really want to stick around with him at parties and he didn't really care very much about finding her. He had considered just leaving. But Cheryl had a habit of getting absolutely shit faced and passing out. And as much as she annoyed him, he couldn't just leave her knocked out in one of the upstairs bedrooms and hope Tommy would get her home safe.

"Yooo, dude! How come you don't have a beer?" it was Tommy. He threw his arm roughly around Billy's shoulder, spilling some of his

beer onto the carpet. He was too drunk to notice. "Hey, have you seen Carol anywhere? If she's up in my mom's closet trying her shit on with Cheryl my mom is gonna *kill* me, dude."

Billy shrugged Tommy's arm off roughly and straightened out his blazer. "No, Tommy. I don't know where she is. You got a phone in your room?"

Tommy gave him a blank look, like he was trying to decide if Billy was speaking English or not. He blinked a few times. "Huh? Oh! Yeah, dude! Up in my room. Who're you gonna call? Gonna invite Cheryl over?" he asked wriggling his eyebrows.

"She's already here, dipshit. You were just talking about her," Billy said with an eye roll. Tommy was so wasted Billy was surprised he was able to keep himself upright. "How 'bout you cool off on the beers and go find Carol, huh?" he clapped his friend on the back before moving around him and making his way upstairs.

Tommy's bedroom was thankfully unoccupied. Billy guessed it was probably so dirty that it would chase off any couples looking to fool around on his bed. It wasn't like he kept his own room spotless, but even Billy shuddered at the idea of sitting on Tommy's bed while he called Vivian. He grabbed the phone that was sitting on the nightstand and dialed Carol's (technically also Vivian's) phone number.

He ran an irritated hand over his face as the phone rang. The answering machine picked up, and Billy slammed the phone back into its cradle with an annoyed huff. Maybe Vivian was still at the movies. He'd just have to call back tomorrow. That was unless Cheryl was able to work her charm on him and have him back under her thumb before the night was over. He kinda doubted that was gonna happen though.

"Biiillllyyy..." a voice called from the hallway. Cheryl. Speak of the devil. *Jesus Christ, this night just keeps getting worse*, he thought with a groan. "Billy, come on honey, let me in!" she whined.

When he opened the door, Cheryl was dressed in a fur coat and about three pearl necklaces that he assumed belonged to Tommy's mother.



She was pouting up at him with a can of beer clenched tightly in her hand. "How come you locked the door?"

"I didn't."

Cheryl frowned. "Oh...well what are you doing in there anyways? I've been looking all over for you," Billy definitely didn't believe that. "I was thinking we could have some alone time..." she ran her hand up his chest, her long fingernails scratching gently at his skin.

"I'm not in the mood, Cheryl." he pushed her hand away.

Cheryl fixed her glossy eyes on him and scowled. "What do you *mean* you're not in the mood? I mean," she motioned to her body. "*Look at me*, Billy."

Billy rolled her eyes and gently took her by the arm. "You're wasted. Let's go home, huh? Tommy's gonna be pissed if he sees you in his mom's shit." this is part of why he hated going out with Cheryl so much. She was like a giant child. More often than not he was just chasing her around and making sure she didn't get herself killed.

Cheryl yanked her arm away. "No. Fuck Tommy. I'm having *fun*! God, you're so fucking boring. I don't know why I put up with you!" she let a heavy sigh and slid down the doorway, plopping down onto the floor. "You wouldn't be *anything* at school if it wasn't for me." she grumbled.

Reason number two why Billy hated Cheryl, she was a bitch whether she was drunk or sober. He could sit and argue with her in Tommy's doorway, or he could remove himself from the situation so he didn't have to deal with her anymore. He chose the latter. Without another word he slammed the door shut.

"My hair!" he heard Cheryl whine from the other side of the door. He ignored her and picked up the phone once again, jabbing the buttons to dial Vivian's number. It rang and rang, but no answer. "Oh *fuck me*," he spat, slamming the phone back down. Billy let out an irritated huff and ran his hand over his face. He jumped a little when the phone rang beside him. He eyed it for a few moments before slowly picking it up. "...Hello?"

"*Who is this?*" a woman asked.

Billy frowned. "The hell do you mean who is this? You called me."

"Are you the little *hooligan* that's been calling here all night and swearing at us?"

He groaned and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, look I've been trying to call Vivian. Is she there?" Billy only assumed the woman on the other end was Vivian's grandma. As if things couldn't get any worse.

There was silence on the other end before a man answered. "Whether Vivian is here or not isn't really your business. I don't think we want our Vivian having anything to do with a boy like you."

"Look, *gramps*, I can just keep calling until she answers."

"Well we'll just have to make sure that she doesn't pick up the phone! Now *goodnight!*" and with that he hung up. Billy could only stare at the phone in his hand. There was a screech out in the hall that quickly distracted him from calling back and giving those two little old prunes a piece of his mind. The screech was followed by a loud cackle that could only belong to Carol.

"My *hair!*" it was Cheryl. Billy swung the bedroom door open to find Carol knelt down beside her best friend, dressed similarly in a fur coat and string of pearls, and clutching a pair of scissors along with a large chunk of Cheryl's strawberry blonde locks. Billy couldn't help but laugh. "It's not funny!" she sobbed. "This all your fault! You closed my hair in the door!"

Carol crawled forward towards Cheryl. "Shhh, shhh. Cheryl, *honey*," she let out a snort, covering her mouth. Carol's expression turned serious again as she regained her composure. "It's *fine*, 'cause you're not stuck anymore! And your hair will totally grow back!"

Cheryl's expression momentarily softened until Tommy found his way upstairs. He let out a loud laugh that had Cheryl crying all over again. "Dude, what happened to your hair?! You look like a total mental patient, Cheryl!" he laughed. Carol sent her boyfriend a stern look before nearly breaking into a fit of giggles with him.

It was a moment like this that made Billy think that maybe there was such a thing as karma. He managed to control his laughter and clapped Tommy on the shoulder. "Well, Tommy, I think it's time I head off."

Cheryl's face twisted into a scowl. "*What?* You're just gonna leave me here like this?!"

Billy only shrugged. "...Call me when your hair grows back." he said before he retreated down the hallway, the sounds of Carol and Tommy's drunken laughter travelling behind him. His night definitely wasn't going the way that he'd hoped, but seeing Cheryl's butchered haircut definitely had things looking up.

xxx

Vivian couldn't get comfortable. She had been tossing and turning on the couch for the last hour and a half and still couldn't manage to find a position to sleep in. Carol managed to make it home before their parents. She'd waltzed in drunk off her ass and laughing over something about Cheryl's hair. Vivian couldn't really make much out between Carol's slurring voice and her laughter.

Vivian had helped Carol up to her room and into bed before she made enough noise to wake up their grandparents. It was a pretty thankless job being the younger sister. It wasn't like Carol would remember any of that night and thank Vivian for it the next morning. Especially when she couldn't even remember something like her birthday.

When their parents had come home with Sarah they seemed in pretty high spirits. Kevin was spending the night at the hotel with his parents so Sarah could avoid seeing him before the wedding. Apparently Enzo's had actually done it's job and impressed his parents. They'd managed to make it through dinner and drinks without a single argument or backhanded comment from Kevin's mom. Which Vivian was thankful for. She definitely wasn't in the mood to hear Sarah bitch and moan about how her life was over.

The kitchen light flicked on, and Vivian watched as her dad shuffled in and grabbed a glass of water before he turned his attention to her.

He awkwardly lingered in the living room's entrance. "Can't sleep, kiddo?" he asked.

"The couch sucks." she muttered. '

He chuckled. "I know. It's almost over though," he let out a heavy sigh. "One more day and this'll all be behind us...well, until you and Carol get married," he joked. Her dad fiddled nervously with the belt of his robe. "Vivian, I um...I have to apologize."

Vivian frowned and sat up. "Apologize for what?"

"Your birthday," the look in his eyes let Vivian know he felt very and truly sorry about how her big day had gone. "I can't believe...everything's been so busy with Sarah's wedding...I know it's no excuse. It's your sixteenth birthday. It's a big deal for a teenager, you know? Just trust me when I say that your mother and I are definitely going to be making up for this once the wedding is over."

It was like the sky had opened up and there were angels singing. *Finally* someone had realized. "...Does this mean you'll buy me a car?" she asked with a teasing smile.

Her father chuckled. "We might have to discuss that before I make any promises. You don't hate me, do you?"

"No! I mean it was totally the cherry on top to like a royally shitty day, but...unless me saying yes gets me a car."

"Nice try. You wanna talk about your royally shitty day? It's the least I can do."

Vivian shook her head quickly. "It's fine. Really. It's boy stuff, daddy. I so totally don't wanna talk to you about boy stuff." plus she didn't really know where she would even begin with the Billy subject.

"Oh..." he shifted uncomfortably. "Well...just, you know, make sure you're being careful..."

Vivian was pretty sure that her face was as red as her hair. This almost wasn't worth him apologizing for forgetting her birthday. "Oh my god. No. Dad, *no*. It's so not like that. I mean he barely even

realizes I *exist*..."

Her father frowned and sat at the end of the couch. "Well, why even bother with him?" he asked, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Because, daddy, he's *Billy*. You're always saying that mom barely even spoke to you in high school. It's like the same thing."

"Wait, is this that little punk that's always hanging around your sister?" he asked. Vivian gave him a pleading look. He held up his hands. "Alright, alright. I won't judge. But can I just say...I understand having a crush. It's part of growing up. But you don't want to mess around with any boy who isn't bending over backwards to get your attention. You're worth it, honey. The right guy will see it."

She liked to think Billy tried a little. He had invited her to Tommy's party. He had been the only person aside from Robin to tell her happy birthday. Was she totally delusional? "Thanks, daddy. I'll keep that in mind..."

He patted her on the knee. "Anytime, sweet pea. Alright. I think you and I need to get some sleep, huh? We have a long, *long* day ahead of us tomorrow." he sighed with a tired smile. "But in a little over 24 hours it'll be all about you. Promise."

Vivian snickered and nodded. "Deal. Night, daddy." she knew that he was right. Robin had said something along the same lines so many times that Vivian had almost lost count. But she was sixteen. She could let herself have some stupid crush for a little while longer, right?

It was her birthday. She could do whatever she wanted.

## 5. Chapter 5

A/N: Here it is! The final chapter! I'm gonna miss Vivian. And Carol was honestly a lot of fun to write. Maybe one day if you guys want I can write more for Billy and Vivian. Enjoy the ending!

xxx

It was the day that Vivian and her family had been dreading. Sarah's wedding day. One would imagine that a girl's wedding day was one of the happiest days of her life. You would never have guessed that with Sarah. The entire household had been woken up around five in the morning by the sound of a near blood curdling scream coming from the bathroom that Carol and Vivian shared. Vivian sat up on the couch abruptly, blinking wildly and looking around to make sense of what was happening. Slowly lights around the house started to flick on as her family got out of bed.

"Are you *fucking* kidding me?!" Sarah screeched upstairs.

Vivian hurried upstairs, where her parents, grandparents and Carol were all crowded outside of the bathroom door with concerned looks (technically Carol looked more annoyed than concerned).

"Sarah, *language*. Is everything alright? Please let me in. You're scaring us," their mother said calmly. There was a long silence before the lock clicked and Sarah poked her head out of the door. There were mascara streaks under her eyes from her tears. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

"I got my fucking period!" she wailed. Carol broke out into a loud cackle as their father shuffled awkwardly in the hallway.

"I'm gonna...I think I'm gonna go start breakfast..." he mumbled. Vivian's grandparents quickly followed after them. Sarah opened the door wider and burst into a loud fit of sobs. Vivian let out a loud and annoyed sigh. And here she thought Sarah was freaking out about something *important*.

"Sounds like the honeymoon is gonna be a *blast*, huh Sarah?" Carol

teased.

Their mother let out a small huff and turned to glare at Carol. "Carol, *please*. You're not helping. Sarah, I know that this is...*inconvenient*, but it's not the end of the world. This is just a tiny speed bump, okay? We'll handle everything and it's all going to be perfect."

"Yeah, until it comes to the wedding night," Carol snorted. "God, imagine you're walking down the aisle and you've got a huge stain on your ass and you have no idea?" she laughed. Vivian bit down on her bottom lip and let out a cough to cover her laughter. If it had been anyone else she probably wouldn't have found it so funny. But this was a little like karma kicking Sarah in the ass for being such a pain.

"Carol, Vivian, go downstairs *now* or you'll stay home and miss your sister's wedding." their mother warned, pointing a finger at the stairs.

"...Is that supposed to be a threat?" Vivian asked genuinely. Carol laughed loudly beside her. Their mother glared at them, and the two sister's retreated downstairs and to the kitchen where their dad was getting a head start on cooking pancakes.

He cast a nervous glance at them over the top of his glasses. "...Has the screaming stopped?"

"Momentarily." Vivian sighed. She couldn't wait for Sarah to go back to Florida. The sun wasn't even up yet. And things wouldn't get any better. Between the stress and the cramps, Vivian was sure that Sarah was going to make this the wedding day from hell.

Eventually her mom came downstairs. She leaned against the doorway and let out a heavy sigh. "Okay. She's going to take some muscle relaxers, I'm going to make her some tea, and we're all going to try and make it through today in one piece," she was saying it more to herself than to the family. Vivian and her mother made eye contact, and her face softened. "Oh, Vivian..." she walked over to her youngest daughter and wrapped her up in a tight hug. "Your birthday. I'm so sorry we forgot your birthday."

"Mom, it's fine...really..." she said, wincing at how hard her mother was squeezing her.

"It's not fine. It was your *sixteenth birthday*. We're gonna make it up to you, okay? Whatever you want."

Her dad let out a snort. "Good luck. She's already trying to work me for a car."

Carol was watching the exchange with a wicked grin. "God, how *embarrassing*. Your entire family forgetting your birthday. Imagine being that forgettable."

Their mother fixed a stern look at Carol. "Young lady, if you let out *one more* nasty comment today so help me..." Carol only rolled her eyes. Their mother turned back to Vivian, taking her face in her hands and smiling sweetly down at her. "How about some chocolate chip pancakes, hmm? That's a start, right?"

Vivian smiled and nodded. She felt so awkward now. She had *wanted* her family to feel guilty for forgetting her birthday. Now that they did she felt weird about it. Like it was too much attention. Hopefully it would wear off. She could definitely get used to all the sucking up. "Definitely."

xxx

If Billy didn't have work it was rare that he'd wake up before noon on a weekend. Neil hated it. Billy didn't really care. Susan usually saved him a plate of whatever she cooked up for breakfast in the oven. She was always trying to be his friend. Always trying to be the good guy. He hated it.

He was still laying in bed, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He could hear Max and her friends out in the living room. Which meant Neil and Susan had to be out for the day. Billy rolled out of bed and shuffled down the hall. They were all there. All six of them. *Great*. "Don't you nerds have anything better to do than hang around here?" he asked.

"I could ask you the same thing," Max said. "Aren't you supposed to be cool or something? Why are you stuck at home on a saturday?"

Dustin grinned. "I bet it's 'cause his girlfriend dumped him."



"She didn't dum- where did you even hear that shit anyways?" Billy snapped.

Dustin only shrugged. "Steve told me."

"Is she who you were calling all night?" Max asked perking up. Each of the kids snapped towards Billy's direction. They were annoying, sure, but he hadn't taken them for gossips. "Because if you were, you're an idiot. I hate Cheryl." she scrunched up her nose as if her name gave her a bad taste in her mouth.

"No. I was...do you ever mind your own business?" he asked with a huff. The six kids only stared up at him, waiting for him to spill the beans. Billy rolled his eyes. "I was calling Vivian. She's Carol's sister."

"She's getting married!" Lucas said, as if he had realized something no one else had.

Billy sneered down at him. "Married? The hell do you mean she's getting married? She's sixteen."

Lucas and Mike shared a look. "...I'm pretty sure you can get married if your parents say it's okay. Like with a permission slip or something." Mike suggested.

"...I don't think that's how it works, Mike." Will said with a sympathetic smile.

Max rolled her eyes. "It's not Vivian that's getting married. It's her sister, idiots. That totally can't be legal."

Billy looked at each of them, blinking wildly. He set his hands on his hips. "Can some explain what the hell is going on? How the hell do you know so much about Vivian?"

"We gave her and Robin a ride home from the movies last night," Dustin explained. "She said that her sister Sarah's getting married today and her family forgot her birthday. Pretty shitty if you ask me."

"...Is there a *point* to anything you're telling me?" Billy asked.

Mike shot him an irritated look. "We're trying to tell you that if

you've been calling Vivian, and she hasn't been answering, you can probably just find out wherever it is her sister's getting married and see her person."

Billy didn't think there were enough words in the english language to explain how annoyed he was that a group of 13 year olds had figured out how to get him to Vivian when he couldn't do it himself.

"You can't wear that though." Dustin said, nodding to the shorts and shirt Billy had worn to bed.

"...Yeah. Thanks for the tip." Billy said dryly.

"Even if he changes, who says she'll even want to go out with him? Vivian's too good for you." Lucas said.

Billy scowled down at him. "Too good for me? You were with her for like, what? Half an hour last night? How would you even know?"

"It was long enough to know she's too good for you." Lucas affirmed. The others nodded along with him in agreement. Billy only spun around on his heels, stomping back to his bedroom to change. He hated when Max's friends were over. They were either finding little clever ways to insult him or begging him for rides around town.

He quickly changed, or as quickly as Billy *could* change, and headed back out to the living room. He snatched up his keys. "This good enough for you little weirdos?" he asked, spreading his arms out. The kids were surveying his outfit carefully.

"...You got anything in blue, maybe?" Dustin asked.

Billy rolled his eyes. "It was a rhetorical question, Henderson. I'll be back later, Max. Try not to set anything on fire." and with that he was out of the house and sauntering out to his car. It wouldn't be all that hard to find Vivian, would it? Maybe if he was fast he could catch them at their house before they left for the wedding. If not, Hawkins was a small town. She couldn't have gone that far.

He felt a little pathetic. Following a girl around like this. He supposed it might look romantic or something to Vivian though, wouldn't it? Maybe she'd be impressed. Billy sure hoped so. There wasn't really

any way this weekend could get any shittier.

xxx

Vivian was honestly surprised Sarah wasn't dead. A few hours after the family had all finished breakfast, Vivian's mother had gone upstairs to check on Sarah. It turned out that Sarah had nearly tripled the normal dose of muscle relaxers she was supposed to take and could barely stand up on her own. "Sarah, what were you thinking?! On today of all days!" their mother scolded her, trying to help sit her upright in her bed.

"I was thinking that my uterus was trying to claw its way out of my vagina, *mom*," she spat. Vivian and Carol were crowded in Sarah's doorway, watching on in amusement. Sarah's eyes were all glossy and they couldn't seem to focus on any one thing. Her voice was slurred to the point where Vivian couldn't believe she could understand anything her sister was saying. And she wouldn't stop swaying back and forth. Carol of course thought it was hilarious.

"Jeez, Sarah. I always had my suspicions that you didn't actually like Kevin but this is a new low even for you. Drugging yourself to get through your wedding?" she taunted.

"Yeah? *Yeah?* Well...*shut up, Carol*. At least I'm getting married," she pointed an unsteady finger in her sister's direction. "Like that stupid...*dumb* Tommy boy is gonna wanna marry you after he finds out that's not your real nose!"

Carol let out a gasp, instinctively covering her nose. Vivian burst into a fit of laughter beside her. "I had a deviated septum, you cow!" Carol cried.

"Enough! Both of you! Carol, I've had enough of you. You're staying home! I can't have you harassing your sister while she's like this. Not if you don't want me strangling either of you in the middle of the church! And Vivian, *please* stop laughing."

Vivian pressed her lips together tightly and cleared her throat. "Sorry, mom..."

Carol flipped her hair over her shoulder and sneered at Sarah. "Fine by me. Like I'd want to go to that tacky ass wedding anyways."

"Uh...can I stay home too? I mean, you guys *did* forget my birthday after all..." Vivian asked, looking between her mom and Carol.

"You're going to the wedding, Vivian. Now will you please go and get dressed while I try and get your sister out of bed?" she gave Sarah's arm a firm tug and she was up and out of bed on wobbly feet. "Can one of you help me?"

"Why should I? I'm not in the wedding anymore." Carol snapped, turning dramatically and stomping down the hall. Vivian let out a soft sigh and went to Sarah's other side, throwing her arm around her and helping their mom guide Sarah out of her room.

Sarah looked over at Vivian with squinted eyes. "You know," she began with a loud huff. "You've always been my favorite sister," she confessed. Vivian couldn't really help but smile. That was probably one of the nicest things Sarah had ever said to her. "I mean, even though you dress like total shit. But that's like...a phase, right? Because I remember like, I used to wear bell bottoms all the time, you know? But then I realized they were totally out so I haven't worn them in years. That's what'll happen to that horrible jacket you're always wearing. Hey mom, don't you think Vivian looks like a total lesbo-"

"Sarah!" their mother yelled. "Don't call your sister...*that*. Let her wear what she wants to wear. Vivian, ignore her. She's not making any sense."

"Don't worry. I'm just gonna pretend she stopped after telling me I'm her favorite sister...I mean, it's just me and Carol so there's not much contest, but still." she mumbled.

"*Carol*," Sarah scoffed. "I'm glad she's not coming to the wedding. You know, her and Tommy totally did it in your bed while you and dad were on that cruise. And I never told anyone because I am like the *best* sister."

Vivian wondered if maybe she had somehow died and gone to hell.

There was only one car parked in Vivian's driveway. That didn't really help Billy much. He parked his Camaro at the curb and quickly made his way up the walkway to the front door. He rang the doorbell three times, his leg bouncing with nervous energy as he waited for someone to answer.

Eventually Carol did. "...What are *you* doing here?" she asked, sneering at Billy.

He didn't answer her. "Is Vivian here? Can I talk to her?"

"She's at the church with the rest of my family. My mother actually grounded me from going. Can you imagine? It's their loss. I'm the only one that looks good in those disgusting bridesmaids dresses Sarah picked out." she said with a flip of her hair.

Billy rolled his eyes. "Carol, I really don't give a shit. I'm kinda on a time crunch here."

Carol narrowed her eyes at Billy, as if she had finally heard what he was saying. "Wait, what do you want with Vivian anyways? What, are you trying to get back at Cheryl for dumping your ass or something?"

"She didn't *dump* me. We were never dating," he said through his teeth. "Why's it your business anyways?"

"Because I'm gonna have to hear Cheryl bitch about it when she sees the two of you together," she scoffed. "Besides, you'll totally get bored with Vivian anyways. She's a total loser."

"Carol, can you just shut it and give me the address to this damn church?"

Carol rolled her eyes dramatically and let out an annoyed groan before disappearing inside. Eventually she came back with a folded piece of paper. "Here you go, *Romeo*. Enjoy your blue balls." she said with a tired sigh.

Billy didn't say anything. He snatched the paper from her and headed

back to the Camaro. He slid into the driver's seat, muttering angrily to himself. The church thankfully wasn't too far. He could make it in time. He just needed to make a stop at Bradley's Big Buy first. "I'll show her Romeo." he mumbled, stomping down on the gas.

xxx

Vivian looked at herself in the mirror and sighed. The poofy, purple dress that Sarah had picked out for her to wear was simply hideous. She expected something a little more bearable with all Sarah's talk of the latest trends in fashion. Then again, maybe the latest trends were just ugly.

Sarah wasn't really fairing any better than she had been that morning. Their mother had tried to get her to drink some coffee in hopes it might dull the effects of the muscle relaxers, but now Sarah was jittery on top of loopy. There was no way she would be able to make it down the aisle alone much less in one piece. At least this might make things a little more entertaining.

Vivian's parents decided it was best not to tell Kevin about Sarah's...*situation*. The last thing they needed was for him to start nervously hovering around and stressing Sarah out even more. Vivian thought it was sort of sweet. She definitely didn't see whatever it was that Kevin saw in her sister, but she was a little envious. Vivian found her mind wandering to thoughts of Billy and she sighed. *At least he's not here to see me in this stupid dress*, she thought with a grumble.

"You alright, Vivian?" her dad asked from beside her.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I'm just tired," she lied. "Is the ceremony starting soon or what?"

Her mother was using all of her strength to try and pull a half conscious Sarah out of her seat. "As soon as I get your sister up on her feet." she said with a grunt. Her dad hurried over to help. Sarah finally stood up, her head lolling over to the side as she let out a sniff.

"Daddy," she began. "This is so sad. I'm getting married and I'm not gonna live with you guys anymore." she cried.

Their father smiled thinly and patted his oldest daughter on the arm. "You don't live with us now, sweetheart...let's just go hand you over to Kevin, hmm?"

"Oh, *Richard*," his wife scolded. "Now isn't the time for jokes. Vivian, when it's time for you to walk down the aisle, don't waste any time, okay? We need this to be over as soon as possible. Or at least before your sister passes out."

"You don't have to worry about me." Vivian said with a salute.

All things considered, the wedding hadn't gone too badly. At least, aside from Sarah falling half way down the aisle, taking her father and a good amount of the decorations with her, and nearly yelling "Oh my god, what is that fat cow doing here?" as they passed by Kevin's mother. Vivian was almost sad Carol hadn't been there. She would have loved it.

Their mother had stood next to Sarah during the ceremony, her arms held out wide and ready to catch Sarah in case she fell. Kevin looked slightly terrified, which was to be expected. Once Sarah and Kevin were officially married, their father had to help Kevin practically drag Sarah down the aisle and out to the limo.

The guests all stood on the steps of the church, waving goodbye to the newly married couple. Vivian's mother let out a loud sigh next to her. "Thank god that's over."

Vivian's father wrapped his arm around her shoulders "Vivian, sweet pea, I'll buy you a car if you promise you'll elope."

"*Richard*." Her mother scolded. "Don't listen to him. He's kidding. Aren't you, Richard?" But Vivian wasn't really paying attention. The wedding guests had started to disperse, on their way to the reception. A familiar blue Camaro was parked across the street. Vivian felt her heart pounding in her chest as her eyes met with Billy's. There was *no way* this was actually happening.

"...Isn't that Carol's friend?" she heard her mother ask. Vivian ignored her. Billy gave Vivian a lopsided grin before awkwardly waving.

Vivian turned to her dad, looking up at him with big, pleading eyes. He smiled and waved her away. "Go. Your sister won't remember her reception anyways." He joked. Vivian hugged her dad tightly, picking up the skirt of her hideous purple dress and hurried across the street to meet Billy.

"Hi..." she said quietly. "Um...Carol isn't here."

"I know. I went to your house to see you and she told me you'd be here," his grin had turned into a smirk. Vivian felt her cheeks burn at his confession.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yeah," Billy rubbed at the back of his neck. "I've been trying to get a hold of you since last night. I called, but your grandparents kept answering..."

Vivian shut her eyes tightly and let out a groan. "Oh *god*," she mumbled. "I am so *totally* sorry."

Billy let out a soft laugh and shook his head. "Don't worry about it. I was kinda thinking maybe we could go do something? Celebrate your birthday? I got a cake with your name on it." He jabbed a thumb at his car. Vivian could see a small, white cake covered in sprinkles with her name scrawled across in pink icing.

"You got me a cake?" She asked with wide eyes. *You're worth it, honey. The right guy will see it.* Her father's words from the night before were playing over and over in her head.

"Yeah. I mean, you said your family forgot so-"

Vivian reached up on her toes, taking Billy's face into her hands and kissed him. Her stomach wouldn't stop doing flips. She almost felt dizzy when she felt Billy's hands rest firmly on her hips.

She was sure her face was beet red when she finally pulled away. She turned around, feeling a wave of embarrassment wash over her when she saw her parents still standing there on the church steps, pretending not to look. Great. That's what every girl dreams of; her parents watching her first kiss.



Billy only smirked down at her. "...You wanna get out of here?" He asked with a chuckle.

Vivian nodded enthusiastically. "*Please.*" Billy opened the passenger's side door for her. Her heart was hammering in her chest again as he slid into the driver's seat next to her.

Billy took her in with an amused smirk, Vivian looking over at him with a shy smile. "...Dig the dress." He teased.

*Thanks, wanna rip it off with your teeth?* Vivian cleared her throat, shaking the thought away. "Just shut up and drive, Hargrove." She muttered, biting her lip to keep herself from smiling.

"Whatever you say, Birthday Girl."

Vivian decided to take back everything she had said for the past two days. All of her complaints and sassy comments. Riding in the Camaro next to Billy, loudly listening to Tank, Vivian decides this was her best birthday yet.